

DOTS and DASHES

A medium to spread cheer and carry useful and interesting items of information

Published weekly by the Y. M. C. A. at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, New Jersey

Vol. 1.

Tuesday, October 23, 1917.

No. 1.

Big Program and Holiday on Wednesday, Liberty Loan Day.

A big program is planned and will be presented, if nothing hinders, Wednesday of this week, which has been designated by President Wilson as a country-wide Liberty Loan Day.

The morning will be taken up with races and individual contests of several kinds, including 100, 440 and 800-yard dashes, one-mile relay, obstacle races, broad jump, high jump, shot put and bomb throwing contests.

The afternoon will be given to group contests, such as football games, company shelter tent erection contests, field telephone erection contests, etc.

The evening will be given to an entertainment at the Y. M. C. A. building.

All friends and relatives of the men and officers are invited to the Camp to witness the games and contests. Arrangements have been made to serve lunch to the visitors (ladies included).

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Photographic Detachment Gives Farewell Dinner and Gifts to Departing Sergeant.

Sergeant McKinney, of the Photographic Detachment, who has received orders taking him from the camp, was tendered a farewell dinner and several parting gifts by the men of the Detachment last Friday night. The gifts included a trunk, trench coat and leggins. Several speeches were made and everybody had a fine time.

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More Buildings to be Constructed in Camp.

A number of new buildings will be constructed in camp in the near future. Several will be built and used for storehouses near the railroad for the Quartermaster's Department. Others will be constructed and used as barracks where there is need.

—o:o:o—

Carrier Pigeons Soon to Be Seen in Camp.

Very soon Camp Vail will have another of the many and varied phases of the Signal Corps work added to its list in the organizing of a carrier pigeon section. The pigeon house is already completed and is waiting the coming of the birds, which are expected to arrive soon.

—o:o:o—

The Rumson Road folks have requested a list of the number of men of all companies who wish Comfort Kits.

All names should be given to the company commander, who is requested to either forward to the Y. M. C. A., or direct to Mrs. B. H. Borden, Oceanic, N. J.



"Well, if You Know of a Better 'ole,
Go to It."

A Few Tips on the Art of Driving a Motorcycle.

(By a Novice.)

First, a prospective driver should get into several unusually tough football games or lie on the bottom of a big six-ton motor truck that is traveling about 40 miles per—over rough roads. Next, sit before and electric fan and have someone throw sand and stones into your face.

After several days of this the P. D. will be hardened sufficient to withstand the excitement and shocks of the first ride.

The next best step is to make out your will. Next, get a motorcycle; you must use a machine to learn to drive properly. Don't try to learn by correspondence. Sit on the seat and think. Make sure you know which is your left and which is your right. Next, take a death-like grip on the handles and hold on. Make sure your speed lever is neutral—it is not good to try to start at top speed. Shove in the clutch, which is somewhere down near the front wheel. Turn on the spark—then some gas. Next, find the crank which is usually doubled up as though it has a cramp down underneath of you in the basement. Put your foot on it, say a prayer, then push. If somewhere away down underneath of your legs there is an explosion and a continuous loud noise, you can be sure the thing's going. If she doesn't go, try again. Remember the old adage, "try, try again." Next, make sure that there is nothing in front of you for a mile or more, push the gear out, throw the speed from neutral to low—and prepare for the worst. Push your gear in slowly—and lo, she goes. When you get going you can, after long practice, shift your speed from low to second and then later to

third or high speed. If you do it quick enough. You will about this time notice how narrow the roads are—funny you never noticed it before.

There are many ways of stopping once you get going—the simplest is to pick out a big healthy tree where it's quiet and steer your front wheel directly at it. You will stop, sure. That method has been proven time and again. Other means of stopping are to turn off the spark, or to throw out your gear and apply the brakes, and still another is to run quietly up behind some heavy wagon or automobile that is coming to a stop and try to push.

Several Don'ts.

Don't try to pass under or over any wagons or autos or fences. Never try to climb up walls or poles—motorcycles were made to stay on the ground. Never go very far from the nearest gas supply when your supply is low—it's a job pushing and it looks funny. Never star gaze as you ride—keep your eye on the rut. Always give the bath tub on the side space to get by things.

In closing—by all means, don't be rough; be kind and gentle. Remember the machine appreciates gentleness. If you mind all these little tips, well, you might be able to drive some day in years to come.

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An addition has been made to the equipment of the 1st Field Battalion that is welcomed by that organization. A Radio Tractor arrived several days ago, and will, no doubt, soon be seen in use by the Radio Company of the 1st.

—o:o:o—

During the recent cold spell it is said that around the 1st, 2d and 7th Battalions the cold was particularly (in tents).

10th Battalion Has Lectures Every Monday Night.

Monday night has been designated by Major Stutesman, of the 10th Field Battalion, as Lecture Night for his command.

The whole organization meets in the school building and is addressed by different speakers on subjects of particular interest and value to signal work.

Major Stutesman spoke at the first meeting three weeks ago.

Dr. Pierce, Veterinary Surgeon of the Camp, was speaker last week and Captain Wagner, of the Hospital, this week.

The meeting is also used as an occasion to make orders in general more explanatory.

—o:o:o—

Big Minstrel at Y. M. C. A. Friday.

There will be an unusually big attraction at the Y. M. C. A. building Friday night of this week in a big minstrel show by the clerks of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of New York City. Those who have seen it before say that the show is a mighty good one and has made a big hit every place it has been given. It has been given a number of times in New York City and also at a convention of the Equitable Society held in Atlantic City, N. J.

The show comes to Camp Vail through the courtesy of Mr. John B. Linger, of Rumson Road.

—o:o:o—

Special Extra! Showers to Have Hot Water Soon.

It is expected that the taking of baths in camp will be greatly encouraged through the installation (in the near future) of hot water systems for the shower baths. According to the information on hand the work will be done by the Aviation Construction Squadron. The stoves for use in barracks are expected soon.

—o:o:o—

Orders came to camp the other day changing the 2d and 5th Telegraph Battalions to the 52d and 55th Battalions, which will be their titles hereafter.

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PLAN RED CROSS HOME SERVICE.

Aid for Soldiers' Families Will Be Furnished.

While the government will assume the care of dependent families of soldiers, there will be needs for other than material aid, which the Red Cross plans to provide. It will be able to place at the disposal of families medical and legal aid, together with advice and suggestion on those affairs which ordinarily are settled by the husband.

DOTS AND DASHES

Published Weekly on Tuesdays by the
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Little Silver, New Jersey.

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C. A., as above.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1917.



WIG WAGGING BY THE EDITORS.

We've Started Something.

As we write, we wonder just what kind of a reception will greet the appearance of this little paper about to be published in the interest of Camp Vail and its residents. We trust it shall be, "Welcome to Our City."

As to our aims—we hope through this little paper to spread feelings of good fellowship and cheer throughout the entire encampment, as well as the passing on of interesting and useful items of information. In closing, remember, it is not our paper, but a Camp Alfred Vail paper.

Everybody Boost!

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"If You Know of a Better 'ole, Go to It."

We are exceedingly fortunate to be able through newspaper friends to present in our first issue the sketch which appears on the front page, one of Captain Bruce Bainsfather's drawings.

Captain Bainsfather (of the English Army) went to the front shortly after the war was started and has lived through many vivid experiences, in which, fortunately, he was always able to see the brighter side of life, even at its worst. His sketches are rapidly becoming famous, not only throughout England, but in this country as well.

The words he has applied to the sketch we use besides containing humor certainly carry a great amount of good, common horse sense that may be applied to life in general, "If you know of a better 'ole, go to it."

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Help Wanted.

To make "Dots and Dashes" the success we hope to see it attain, the help of every fellow in camp is needed.

There are no doubt a number of good cartoonists in our midst, also live wire writers and reporters. In fact all the talent and ability necessary to the publication of a live wire paper. All such help will be welcomed.

Let's make this the liveliest U. S. Army Camp paper in the country. Let's have what you've got.

Each Individual Responsible for Camp Reputation.

Several times articles have appeared in local papers regarding the improper conduct of some one or more soldiers from the Camp. It surely affords pleasure that such comments are seen so little; but let's make such items even more scarce. The reputation of the Camp depends to a great extent on the individual. Whenever he does a good deed it not only is a credit to himself but adds so much to the good reputation of the Camp as a whole. The same action applies and is even aggravated whenever the improper thing is done. The individual may suffer very little or not at all, but the general discredit goes to the whole Camp.

Watch Your Step!

—o:o:o—



Write Home Often!

—o:o:o—

DATES AT THE Y. M. C. A.

Monday, 22.

Movies, 5 Reels, "Aladdin of Broadway."

Wednesday, 24.

Big Liberty Loan Show.

Thursday, 25.

"Rumson Folks," as usual.

Friday, 26.

Special, Equitable Life Assurance Society Minstrel from New York.

Saturday, 27.

Movies.

Sunday, 28.

Church 8.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.. Good Speaker and Songs.

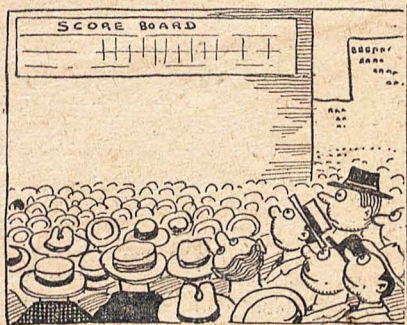
Monday, 29.

Movies.

Thursday, November 15.

Comedy Club, of New York. Coming Through the Rumson Folks.

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In Days Gone By.

—o:o:o—

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O. D. SHIRTSPrice \$2.00 to \$4.00
KHAKI HANDKERCHIEFSPrice 10c each
HEAVY GREY BLANKETSPrice \$1.50 up
HEAVY COMFORTSPrice \$2.00 up
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ARMY LOCKERSPrice \$11.00

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LITTLE DOTS AND DASHES.

Passed by the N. B. C. (National Biscuit Company.)

—Old Monmouth Park Hotel, the ruins of which are opposite the garage, in its time saw and heard a great many and varied affairs, but we bet our old ear muffs that it never saw or heard before what is seen and heard over there these days. Our lusty buglers do their practicing there on the old front steps. Why not try the cellar, boys?

—Recently one of our brave boys was heard to ask if the new pigeon house, with its barred front, under construction was to be a new guard house. No, No, son; you're wrong. They will keep birds there, but not the kind usually found in jails.

—The Hospital Corps has among its stock a big mule which will not work. They call it "Somlyo," named after one certain fellow of that name in the Hospital Detachment.

—The big steam roller which is so often seen gently meandering around camp with Sergeant Marsh at the helm looks powerful enough, but she struck a bar last Saturday. She was working on the new roadway over in the garage when she began to sink. The crew managed to reach shore safely, but up to the time of going to press they had been unable to refloat their ship.

—Previous to moving into the barracks vacated by the 11th, the 2d Telegraph Battalion tried to cultivate a little lawn in front of their camp. They built a fence with signs, "No Trucks Allowed Beyond this Fence." We were expecting to see next the sign, "Keep Off the Grass."

—One of our star reporters informs us that Big Sam and Little Sam, the tonsorial artists at the Post Exchange, are plotting foul deeds—they're goin' to git a Henry Ford, and Little Samuel was looking at one in a junk pile in Long Branch. Let's widen the roads.

—A big reward is offered for the return of a little kitten that one certain F. Baker, of the Q. M. C., kidnapped from its home in Red Bank.

—Some folk can't stand prosperity. Corporal Gerald F. Dell, of C 10th, received promotion to sergeant the other night and almost the first thing he did was to run off to Red Bank and get married. Isn't it strange how some fellows lose their heads.

—As Acting Sergeant Major Abbott jumped out of the barber chair in the Exchange the other day, one of the prisoners from the guard house jumped in. The guard who was with him, not seeing the move, followed the fellow who went through the door. After a time Brother Abbott discovered the guard on his trail and stopped and asked him who he was following. The guard said: "Why, you!" and then found his mistake and rushed back to find his charge.

—One certain lieutenant and an enlisted man we know, who had been college classmates, were on Broadway the other day when a newsboy asked the lieutenant if he wanted a paper. The lieutenant smilingly said, "No, but you might ask the other lieutenant." The news kid looked at the

other fellow and said: "Guan, he ain't no lieutenant—he's a regular soldier!"

—There are signs on the doors of several company headquarters reading, "Knock Before Entering," etc. We heard several fellows near one of those doors the other night knocking to beat the band, and we don't think they were going to enter, either.

—Somebody said that the Photographic Company could easily adapt itself to trench life at its worst. They were used to exposures.

—When Cook Henry Christian, of Staff Mess, was in New York recently he bought a nice mandolin. 'Tis said that he is considering giving the officers music with their meals. Go to it, Henry!

—Murray, Staff Officers' Mess cook, has a grudge against several cooks of the departed 11th. Murray hung out several shirts to dry the other day and they disappeared. When the 11th pulled up stakes and left, Murray discovered that they had been using his shirts as pot rags.

—Hotel de Tention Guard House has quite a number of guests there these days. Several of the present guests may sojourn at the hotel for a long time to come. The hotel is a very pleasant place of residence—all the latest—inconveniences, etc.

—One of the men who had been in service but a short time passed an officer the other day and forgot to salute. The officer turned and called him, saying: "Don't you know you should salute an officer? How long have you been here?" The private evidently forgot himself, for he answered: "Oh, only four days. How long have you?"

—About three A. M. the other day one of the guards, who was evidently a new man, called out to a person approaching him: "Halt! who comes there?" A voice answered: "Officer of the day." The guard answered: "What the devil are you doing out at this time of night?"

—We have heard that the 1st and 52d Battalions, who came recently from Texas, are home sick for that country. They miss the sand in their meals.

—'Tis said that the 52d fellows, who haven't had a mess building for over three years, hardly know how to eat since they've moved into their new quarters.

—Acting Mess Sergeant John Moore, of the Officers' Mess, was seen in Long Branch with several floor mops under his arm. Question! Was he preparing for a scrap and hoping to mop up, or was he preparing for his "fall bath?"

—Motorcycle Driver Gull, of E 7th, had a bumping contest the other day with one of those Ford jitneys. He won. Score—Gull, broken rib and miscellaneous damage; jitney, nothing.

—In the article on the events scheduled for Wednesday we note that one event listed is Bomb Throwing. We're hoping as we go to press that the printers don't misspell BOMB and make it BULL.

—Our genial Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Mr. Williams, was out trying to mas-

(Continued around the corner.)

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LITTLE DOTS AND DASHES.

(Continued from page three.)
ter, the intricacies of the motorcycle the other day when the thing bucked on him and jumped up a tree. Damage—Brother Williams' good looks spoiled for a time, and Kessler, who was teaching him, has a scratched wheel.

—This was found on the editor's desk: Sergeant Weber, M. E. R. C., has promised that some time in the near future he will take his machine out of the garbage and take us for a swill time.

Another contributor: Y. M. C. A. to the writer of this means, regarding news items—You Must Come Across.

—o:o:o—



At the Signal Corps Club.

—o:o:o—

THE POETS' RETREAT.

An Ode to K. P.

(By One Who Knows.)

I love to peel potatoes,
I love to pare those spuds,
I love to scrape those greasy pans
And splash around in suds;
I love to hit the wood pile,
At all these things I'm swell;
I'm dead in love with K. P.,
Yes I am—Sweet Rosey O'Grady.

2d Spasm. (Epileptic.)

I love to clean the tables,
I love to mop the floor,
And cleaning up the garbage
Makes me love it all the more.
I love to dish the grub out—
Now what more can I tell;
I'm crazy 'bout the old K. P.,
Yes I am—Sweet Rosey O'Grady.

3d Spasm. (Cataleptic.)

I love to get up early,
I love my daily work,
I love to scrub the dirty kitchen,
And sweat just like a Turk.
I only miss my Sunday,
For there's little work, ah, well—
I dearly love that old K. P.,
Yes I do—Sweet Rosey O'Grady.

—o:o:o—

To Laugh, to Love, to Flutter By.

The first one was a maiden sweet,
With hair of pure gold and shining eye.
I played with her, time untold.
Yes, I laughed, I loved, then fluttered by.

They came a swift succession then;
Alike when I did or did not try.
Each held my thoughts a little while,
But I laughed, I loved, then fluttered by.

At last, as even all must end,
Came the girl to whom I could not lie,
I dreamed and thought of her alone,
but,
Ah, she laughed, she loved, and fluttered by.

—Jay Warren.

Canning the Kaiser.

To the tune "Marching Through Georgia."

Bring the good old bugle, boys,
We'll sing another song;
Sing it with a spirit that
Will move the world along.
Sing it as we used to sing it
Half a million strong,
While we are canning the Kaiser.

Chorus.

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill!
We're on the job today!
Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill!
We'll seal you so you'll stay;
We'll put you up with ginger
In the good old Yankee way,
While we are canning the Kaiser.

Hear the song we're singing
On the shining roads of France;
Hear the Tommies cheering
And see the Pollus prance.
Africans and Cannucks
And Scots without their pants,
While we are canning the Kaiser.
—Chorus.

Bring the guns from Bethlehem
By way of old New York;
Bring the Beans from Boston
And don't leave out the pork;
Bring a load of soda pop
And pull the grape juice cork,
While we are canning the Kaiser.
—Chorus.

—o:o:o—



Someone in camp every night in the week.

France.

They boasted they would bleed France white,
The crimson life to drain from sight.

They made attempt in vain desire
To rob a diamond of its fire.

Their eager blades discovered then
A surface hard beyond their ken.

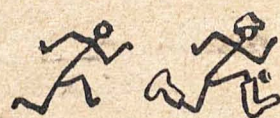
With every sabre cut they made
New glories leaped to be displayed.

And so in radiance divine
Undying does her beauty shine.

And Germans know how vain their fight—
They cannot bleed the spectrum white.

—McLandburgh Wilson

—o:o:o—



Getting in Before Taps.

—o:o:o—

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—o:o:o—

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